McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XVIII — SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1886. — NUMBER 39

McKean County Miner.

I. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Time of Departure of Mails.

[illegible] arrives at 10 a. m. and leaves at [illegible] p. m.

[illegible] R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and leaves at 3:40 p. m.

[illegible] Mail leaves at 12:30 p. m.

[illegible] Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:30 p. m.

[illegible] before leaving time.

[illegible] for issuance of Letters [illegible] 12 m. and 2:30 p. m.

[illegible] Sunday for delivery of mail [illegible]

H. A. SPRAGUE, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

[illegible] No. 383, A. F. & A. M., meets on [illegible] Fourth Wednesday of each [illegible] in the Masonic Hall.

E. P. BRAWLEY, W. M.

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.

[illegible] No. 382, meets every [illegible] Thursday evening of each [illegible] in the W. Hall, Buckley Block.

WALLEY GIFFORD, N. G.

[illegible] Recorder.

[illegible] A. M.

[illegible] R. meet every Thursday evening [illegible] W. Hall, Buckley Block.

[illegible] C. BAUER, Com.

[illegible] Actg.

[illegible] I. O. O. F.

[illegible] evening at Hutchins Hall [illegible] Wm Robinson, N. G.

[illegible]

[illegible] A. O. U. W.

[illegible] Monday evening at 7:30 in Buck- [illegible] Lewis Ramer, Com.

[illegible] R. R.

Churches.

[illegible] Wm Brierley, pastor. Preaching [illegible] and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath [illegible] immediately after morning services. [illegible] Bible class in the Sunday Prayer Meeting [illegible] evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. [illegible] Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Sunday evenings at 7.

[illegible] P. H. Cavis, pastor. Preaching at [illegible] p. m. Sabbath School directly [illegible] morning service. Prayer meeting on [illegible] evenings at 7 p. m. Covenant meeting [illegible] before the first Sunday in every [illegible] Supper every two months. All [illegible]

[illegible] Rev. Hence McCandless, Rector. [illegible] Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. [illegible] at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday [illegible] Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. [illegible] Matins at 10 a. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

[illegible] Rev. Father Lynch, of St. Eulalia's [illegible] Smethport, will say Mass at 10:30 a. m. on [illegible] Sunday in each month, at 9 a. m. on [illegible] Sunday in each month, at 10:30 a. m. on [illegible] Sunday in each month, at 3 p. m. Vespers on [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Distributing Officers.

[illegible] A. C. Palmer.

[illegible] A. D. Barbank, Chas. Kruger, S. J. [illegible] Chris. Sherer, R. L. Armstrong and [illegible]

[illegible] M. Smith, P. Noel.

[illegible] H. T. Burlingame.

[illegible] J. C. Hamlin, E. L. Keenan, [illegible] Carl Sasse, D. C. Young and [illegible]

[illegible] P. Knapp.

[illegible] W. Smith.

[illegible] T. F. Richmond, John Forrest, W. [illegible]

[illegible] Peter E. T. Waller.

[illegible] D. Ramer and T. V. Powell

Official Directory

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

[illegible] Judge A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport, Pa.

[illegible] Judges Henry Hamlin, Smethport; [illegible] Waller, Bradford.

[illegible] Lawrence W. Brown, Bradford.

[illegible] Lemuel L. Rumsey, Jr., Bradford.

[illegible] Members Assembly—R. H. Rose, Smethport.

[illegible] of Attorney—Ernest Keeler, Smethport.

[illegible] A. F. Hamlin, Smethport.

[illegible] Prothonotary—M. McElroy, Smethport.

[illegible] Treasurer—C. C. Mellen, Smethport.

[illegible] Register—W. D. Kellogg, Smethport; S. [illegible] Reed, Bradford, A. Reilly, Smethport.

[illegible] Recorder—John E. Shoemaker, Smethport.

[illegible] Commissioners—D. F. Carlson, S. F. Clark, [illegible] A. Brewer, Thos. Gibson, C. N. [illegible]

[illegible] Auditors—E. E. Barden, Eldred, [illegible] A. Dunlapsy, Bradford.

[illegible] School Superintendent—M. O. Campbell, [illegible]

[illegible] Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in [illegible] May and September, and Third [illegible] in December.

State.

[illegible] Robert E. Pattison.

[illegible] Secretary of State—Thaddeus S. Black.

[illegible] General—Hampton R. Miller.

[illegible] Treasurer—Wm Livsey.

[illegible] Auditor General—J. Simpson Africa.

Physicians.

[illegible] Brownell & Saunders,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, office, in [illegible] Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in E. B. [illegible] drug store, Main street, Smethport.

[illegible] D. Freeman,

[illegible] Obstetrician and Consulting phy- [illegible] Office hours from 9 to [illegible] and 1 to 3 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] J. Shaw,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office two [illegible] of Rockwell House, Smethport, Pa.

DR. J. J. VANORNEE. R. KANE.

DR. THOMAS L. KANE,

Physicians and Surgeons,

KANE, PA.

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[illegible] street, Smethport, Pa., H. H. Vincent, Proprietor.

[illegible] has recently been greatly improved [illegible] appointments, making it one of the [illegible] hotels in the country. Good [illegible] attentive clerks. The table are sup- [illegible] with all the delicacies of the season. A [illegible] of the public patronage is respect- [illegible] solicited.

[illegible], Pa., Feb. 5, 1886.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

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The Hotel is recently built, and is fur- [illegible] with all the conveniences of a [illegible] class hotel. A well stocked and [illegible] kept Bar connected with the [illegible]. First-class in every respect. [illegible] reasonable.

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The hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar [illegible] constantly supplied with the best the [illegible] affords. First-class in every [illegible] respect. Rates reasonable.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

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Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

Broezel's Hotel,

Cor. Seneca and Wells streets, Buffalo, N. Y. First-class in every respect. John Broezel, Proprietor.

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Near McKean and Buffalo Depot, East Smethport, Pa. J. H. Sowens, Proprietor.

This hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and con- [illegible] of the travelling public.

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. [illegible] of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Elk.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS. Office in Buckley Block, Smethport, Pa.

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J. K. Washburn,

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H. McCracken. M. B. Sykes.

McCracken & Sykes,

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Geo. A. Sturgeon,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Room 10, Oil Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

R. G. Stone. A. L. Stone.

Stone & Well,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Postoffice Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Mullin & Mullin,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Corner Main and Pine Sts., Bradford, Pa.

Barnes C. Boyce,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND OBTAINER IN PATENT CASES. Office Room 3, Tuttle Main 2 Weltner Sts., Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

E. H. Mayo,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Eldred, McKean Co., Pa.

S. H. Geisler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

Snyder & Colcord,

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Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE!

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

constantly on hand.

Friends and patron cave invited to

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SPECHT & SASSE,

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CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower, than they can get them to any other store in the county.

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The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

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SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

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A FIRST CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

A Full Line of

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Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

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FARM containing one hundred acres good [illegible] and grain land. Fine apple orchard [illegible] plum orchard that paid nearly one hundred [illegible] dollars last season's crop; never failing [illegible] springs and spring brook running through the [illegible]. This is considered one of the model grain [illegible] in the county, with dwelling [illegible] two stories high, barn and horse [illegible], milk and corn-house, barn and horse [illegible], milk room, etc. Will be sold on reasonable [illegible], time and paper satisfactory. Apply to [illegible] adjoining farm, adjoins the county seat.

A. REILLY.

Smethport, McKean Co., Pa.

Feb. 19, 1886-tf.

THE CHRISTENING.

No, I won't forgive nor pardon—tell down to my [illegible] dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I tell [illegible] elders say.
But to christen my boy, my baby, with such as [illegible] awful name—
What where's the use o' talking? I tell you he [illegible] was to blame.
You see it happened in this way. There was [illegible] father an' I to set
An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the [illegible] pie—
Each with a name for baby, as of I hadn't no [illegible] voice,
But the more they talked an' argued, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Seriously"—this was father—"you'd best take [illegible] pattern by mother.
For she named thirteen children 'fore any such [illegible] fuss or bother.
Amazin' as she disclosed that family names [illegible] was so few,
Why, she just fell back on the Bible, as perfect [illegible] sters are bound to do."

"Seriously"—this was Reuben—"none any one [illegible] else could see
That, bein' as I'm his father, he'd orter be [illegible] named for me.
You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm [illegible] old-fashioned too,
Yet 'tween's so long ago, mother, that both of us [illegible] suited you."

Then there was Uncle Silas. "Seriously, I tell [illegible] ye what—
Jest name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred- [illegible] acre lot.
I'll make out the deed to-morrer—an' then when [illegible] I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather [illegible] his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so [illegible] meek an' mild:
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest [illegible] child."

He died on his second birthday. The others are [illegible] grown up men,
But Jotham is still my baby; he has never [illegible] grown nigher then
His hair was so soft an' curlin', eyes blue as [illegible] blue could be,
An' that boy of yours, Seriously, jest brings [illegible] him back to me.

Well, it wasn't no use matter to keep on sayin' [illegible] Na,
An' disappointin' every one. Poor Silas he [illegible] fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he [illegible] fairly made me cry.
For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus [illegible] Percival Guy.

Ah! that was a name worth hearin', no feeble [illegible] title can offend
It might be built up low head then with the [illegible] president in the land.
But—alas! Well, there's no wonder, when I look at that blessed child
An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't [illegible] be reconciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath morn- [illegible] in' class
When I took my boy to meetin' to get his Christ- [illegible] name.
Just as proud as a peacock I stood a-lookin' [illegible] there
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the [illegible] prayer.
For of half a dozen babies there was the finest [illegible] of all.
An' they had such common names, too; this [illegible] people must have a fall.

"What will he call him?" says Parson Brown- [illegible] bentin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the [illegible] names writ full an' clear.
But I note Sir, straight I passin it, for next it [illegible] come clear,
With such a wonderin', puzzled face, as of he [illegible] hadn't been.
The child was certain to disgrace, as Ruben was [illegible] gittin' red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle se, and then I [illegible] shook my head.

"The name?" says parson Brown again. "The [illegible] Beard I haven't caught it."
"Jot-Sunderland!" says Uncle Si, out loud, be- [illegible] fore he thought it.

The parson he straightened his comfort- [illegible] derchief,
Through I pointed to the paper in Uncle silas' [illegible] hand.
But that word did the business, as before I [illegible] got my breath
That boy was named JEDUSHABIAH! I felt [illegible] almost like death.

I couldn't keep from crying as I hurried down [illegible] the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her [illegible] kinder smile.
For never, never called him by that name, as [illegible] never will,
An' I can't forgive old Parson Brown, though I [illegible] hear him no more still.

E. T. CORBETT, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A CLOUDY DAWN.

"There is the cornerake, it is in the home meadow," said I, pausing to listen, as the harsh, grating, but most summer like of sounds came clearly through the warm, still air this June evening, mingling with the voices of the children playing in the garden.

Mrs. Hartley listened too, and a look came into her eyes as though she saw some other scene than the sunny garden and fair, green fields beyond, and the lengthening shadows cast by the elms, their leaves glancing in the setting sun.

I was sitting in the old fashioned parlor, with its heavy, oak beams across the ceiling, its dark, polished furniture and old china bowls full of dried rose leaves and wide-open latticed windows, through which floated the scene of mignonette and pinks, while Mrs. Hartley brought out the sweet home made cake and frothing new milk in a quaint mug of old china.

"Aye," said Mrs. Hartley, "the cornerake. So it is, Miss Nelly, so it is."

Something in her voice struck me.

"Does it make you sad?" I asked. "I like to hear the bird, though it does make such a strange noise, it always reminds me of summer evenings when the grass is long."

"Yes; that's when it comes. You never hear it after the grass is cut. It reminds me of my young days, Miss Nelly."

I mind well hearing the cornerake that summer when my mother died, and I thought the sun would never shine fair on me again, so full o' trouble and death was it—many a long year ago now. Mother had been ill a long while, and was nigh dying, for her life seemed to go as the grass grew, and we knew she would never bide here till the fall o' the leaf. Father was a gamekeeper and we lived in that cottage by Northover woods. Me and Tom Marsden—he was the blacksmith at Northover—had been courting a long while, with father's consent, for Tom was well to-do, and the forge was his own. I thought a deal of him, for he was good to look at, and strong; never a lad in the village could come nigh him for looks or strength. And when I first knew him he was main steady and well thought of by all. But there was a bad lot o' fellows in Northover—poachers and such like—and, somehow, Tom got in with 'em. Father has spoke to Tom about it, for he said: "It's no good thinkin' thee can pla' wi' mud, and keep thy own clothes clean; some on it will stick for sure!"

Tom laughed and told father he could take care of himself, and as for catching a stray rabbit or bird, it were a bit o' fun on a dark night, and no harm in it either.

Says father:

"Thou'lt not find it a bit o' fun if I catch thee at it."

So they parted in anger and father came home saying I must think no more o' Tom for that he couldna let his lass wed a poacher.

That evening when the dusk was falling I sat by mother's bedside thinking of it all. Father was out in the woods and mother asleep, so the house was very still, and all the window open, for it was this time o' year. And I heard the cornerake in the field nigh the cottage as plain as now, sometimes quite near and sometimes farther away, as it ran about in the long grass. Presently it stopped croaking, as though something had startled it, and then there was a little rattle by the lattice like bits o' gravel thrown up. I got up softly not to disturb mother, and looked out, and there stood Tom against the fence with a gun in his hand.

"I thought to have seen thee at sundown, Eunice lass," he said, "I've been waitin' this half hour by the brook."

"I couldna leave mother," I says: "she's worse and weaker than a while back, and father is gone into the woods. He's main angered with thee, Tom."

"Oh, aye," he says; "it's about the birds; but it's naught."

I shook my head.

"Father says he'll not have me wed thee if thou dost not mend thy ways and leave going with them poaching fellows. What dost thou want with them? Thou never used to heed such like."

"'Tis naught to fret about, lass; they're none so bad as thy father thinks. I'll get shut on 'em when we are wed."

"What art thou doing within a gun?" I asked him.

"Nay, lass, thou art getting too curious. May be I'm going shooting flitter mice," he says, laughing.

"Thou'lt break my heart, Tom," I says. "What with mother nigh to death, and father angered with thee, and thou going on this gait."

"I'm sorry thy mother is no better, Eunice," says he, "but as for the rest, there's naught to fret about. I'll come and see thee to-morrow."

And he went off smiling and waving his hand as he turned down by the copse. Then the cornerake began again, creak, creak, all round the meadow, and I sat and watched mother with a heavy heart till the stars came out, and a young moon lying on her back, which was an ill sign, for you know the sayings

When the moon's like a boat,
There is trouble afloat.
But I hoped it might not be for me.

The cornerake had gone and there was naught to be heard save the rustling o' the [illegible] and [illegible] when I turned a little chill, so I closed the lattice and lay me down by mother a while. I had been asleep some time, for the moon was low in the sky and the dawn breaking when I awoke with hearing a trampling o' feet coming down the lane. I listened, and the trampling came nearer and sounded heavy like, as if they were carrying something. It stopped at the gate, and then I heard the click o' the latch. Mother's room was at the back, so it was no use looking out o' the lattice. I crept softly down stairs when mother awoke and asked if father had come in.

"I think he's coming now mother," I said. "I'll fetch thee a cup o' tea;" and I went down and opened the door, and there stood one o' the keepers, William Balshaw, as married my cousin Anne.

"Where's father?" I said, trying to look past him.

"See now, Eunice," he says, "thou mun keep a brave heart, lass. How is thy mother?"

"She's no better, and asking for father."

"Well, thou mun put her off. I've ill news for thee, poor lass; thy mother must know naught of it. There's been a bit o' fight with them northern chaps, an' an' we've browt thy father home."

My heart seemed to turn to a stone. "Is father killed?" I said. "Thou may as well tell me, William."

"Aye, that is so. I'm main sorry for thee, Eunice. I'll tell 'em to bring him in and lay him on the settle here, and I'll send Anne round to thee."

With that they carried father in and laid him on the settle. He was very peaceful-like to look at. William said he had been shot in the chest, and died quite quiet and easy. But all the while I seemed to know there was more to hear aye, and worse, for when I was stooping over father, one of the men said something to William that I did not rightly catch, and William says back to him, speaking low. "Nay, there's no call to say more just now, poor lass; it'll do by and-by." With that they went away, and I took mother her tea, feeling all dazed like.

"Where's thy father, Eunice?" she says.

And I answered her:

"He's coming up presently, mother;" and then she fell asleep again, being weak.

So the day wore on, and Cousin Anne came, and Squire Lawson and some other gentlemen; but I didn't see them, for William were round again, and he told them all about father. When they were gone I left Anne sitting with mother and went down to William and asked him how it came about father was shot.

"There was a bit o' a fight with th' poachers, lass, an' one o' them had a gun."

"Was there only one gun, William?" I says.

"Only one, lass. I donnot think thy father was shot o' purpose. It were all in the thick o' the bother. We were fightin' with ash sticks, an' thy father, were in the midst, when the chap with th' gun let fly at us an' the shot hit thy father. That's how it were done, Eunice."

"And where is he that did it," I says, looking out of the window.

"He's away, lass. In hiding somewhere. There's no call for thee to fret about that. Most like he'll get away to furrin parts. I see thou guesses who it is, Eunice. It's main hard for thee," he says, taking my hand, meaning kindly, for he was a good man, was William. But I pulled my hand away and ran out into the fields. It was getting on for sundown then, and as I leant against the fence, feeling sick and giddy-like, the cornerake began croaking in the long grass as it had done over night. And I thought of yester-eve, when Tom stood there with his gun, and I tried to turn him away from those who led astray. It had all ended now; father was dead and mother was dying, and Tom—but I would not think of Tom. Then Anne came out to me saying mother was asking for me. So I went in, and mother looked at me and said:

"Thou art a good lass. I think thy father is dead—I dreamt it just now—and thou art hiding it. 'Tis no matter; I shall know soon. The Lord bless you, Eunice!"

And after that she went into a sort of faint, and died. So father and mother were both buried the same day, and it was settled that I should go and live with my Aunt Deborah, some six miles away; William was to drive me over that same evening. Well, at sundown, all the things being packed, and nothing left to do, I went through the fields to the side of the brook, where I had used to meet Tom, and there I sat on a fallen tree, thinking of all the trouble, and how all my life seemed dead and buried with father and mother. Close by me was a thick clump of palm, willows, and dog roses and grass all a-tangle, reaching over the bank; and when I'd sat thinking a while, I heard a rustling, and a voice saying, "Eunice, lass!" I knew the voice right well though it gave me a start at the moment.

"Is it thou, Tom?" I asked.

"Aye," he says, parting the leaves and looking through. "I've been lying here all day to get a glimpse of thee. I thought may be thou wouldst come down here afore thou went off, and there's much that I've got to say to thee."

"It may be much or little," I answered him, "but I desire to have naught from thee, Tom. Dost thou know father is dead?"

"Aye, Eunice; but that was ill-luck. I never meant to hurt thy father. It were all done in the hurry. I did not notice as he were among the keepers. That's why I mun run the country. I might stand to be took up if there were naught against me but the birds, but this of thy father is a hanging matter, so I mum run the country. I am going on board ship to-morrow, and I have brought thee now to pay thy passage out to me, lass, and we will be wed when thou lands."

"Tom," I says, "it's not for we two to wed now thou hast killed father. I wonder how thou canst think of such a thing. May be trouble has made thee dazed like."

"I did not go for to kill thy father," he says, angrily.

"That do not make no difference," I says; "it was thy wrong doing that caused thee to be going with poachers, and with a gun in thy hand. Thou wast warned, and thou paid no heed. I can never wed thee, Tom. I told thee thou'd break my heart, and now thou'st done it."

And I burst out crying, for it was all more than I could bear. Tom came out of the thicket, and began saying something; but I didn't heed what it was, being so miserable, when suddenly William came up beside me, and put his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"I'll not let on I've seen thee, lad," he said; "but thou mun make thysen scarce. Eunice is right; there can be wedding betwixt you. Thou mun go; and right sharp, too."

Tom stood silent for a moment, and then he said quite quiet:

"Well, good bye, Eunice, if so be thou means what thou says."

"Aye," I said, "I do mean it, Tom. It's good bye."

"Good-bye," he says again, and turned on by the copse, and that was the last I ever heard or saw o' Tom Marsden.

I was full o' sorrow for many a long day after that, and thought nothing would seem fair and pleasant to me again. But at last I began to see I should never have been a happy woman with Tom. Everything is for the best, Miss Nelly, though we can't see it at the time. So when, at the end of two years, John Hartley asked me to marry him, I said yes, and I have never repented. Only when I hear the cornerake it brings back to me those old days.

Mrs. Hartley ceased, and we sat silent a little space. The elm trees were casting longer shadows, the sunshine was more golden, the evening primroses were opening their yellow eyes, the cornerake had gone, and the children's voices sounded nearer and clearer. Mrs. Hartley smiled happily.

"I often think," she said, "of the old saying, 'Many a cloudy dawn brings in a bright day.'"

AN old and intimate friend of mine is Parker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pearl Anson, St. Louis, Mo. o

Home Testimonials.

Mrs. Henry Gallup was teaching school in Norwich township last winter, and had been suffering from nervous sick headache a long time, and Miss Lydia Perry, of the same place, told her that there was no use in suffering so much when she could get a sure, simple remedy that she had tried and that had cured her, viz: Dennis' Blood, Liver and Kidney Cure, and one box of Indian Root Pills. She took the advice and now says that she is cured. Go thou and do likewise.

For sale by E. B. McCoy, Smethport, C. R. Burdick, Hamlin, C. A. Anderson and Smith & Hall, Colegrove, Pa.

For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale two billiard tables—one carom and one pool—at prices and upon terms which enables any man to purchase. For definite information call upon F. N. TAYLOR.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 4, '85.—tf.

A SPY'S SCHEME.

When Gen. Early made his great raid on Washington, writes an ex-rebel to the Detroit *Free Press*, I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battalions appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day and was slowly working out, when a couple of young men, both of whom were considerably worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight: I had a pencil and a block of paper with me and I wrote:

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared that it would be a novel idea to lick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize fighter. I tried to get away from them without further trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to the guard house. One of the young men, who afterwards turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the office of the provost marshal, and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my name, age, where born and a hundred other questions, and then searched. They found nothing of a criminating nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me:

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and go out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and while I heard his words, I made no movement. He came closer to me and said:

"Come, pack up your traps; you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eye without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into the private room where the marshal and three or four other officials were seated. On the way to the office as we crossed a wide street, the officer suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a runaway horse—look out!" If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I might have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling:

"They think they've got a sucker but they'll find out their mistake."

I entered the office knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment, when one of the officers looked up quietly and said:

"Take a seat, sir, and we'll attend to you in a moment."

I made no move, but looked around the room in a stupid sort of way. I was looking out of the window on to a roof when the same officer said:

"You may come forward and take this chair."

I stood like a stone, and he rose up, came over to me, and led me to a chair at a table. When I was seated one of the others remarked:

"Write your name, age, and last place of residence on a slip of paper."

That was trick number three, and it failed, as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper:

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

I wrote in reply:

"I am Charles Jones, and from Richmond."

"But you are a Union man," suggested one of the officers aloud.

I saw his lips move but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would reserve the sharpest point for the last, and therefore was nerved up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed:

"Where did that Confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. Then he turned to his companions and said:

"Gentlemen, it's no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb, and a d—fool besides."

"We have wasted our time," replied a second. "He is not only what he seems to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the secretary of war."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, as care less as you please, and said:

"Go with the officer."

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose in the streets.

THE coming holidays will be more generally observed than any for many years, and we would remind our readers that a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will prove a most acceptable holiday present.

HUNG AT SUNRISE.

When Bragg had Rosencrans shut up in Chattanooga, says the Detroit *Free Press*, there were four of us scouts from headquarters who penetrated the Federal lines daily. Every move made was discovered and reported, and most of them checkmated.

About a month before Grant's arrival, when things were at their worst with Rosecrans, a scout, named Will Rossmore, who was rather new in the business, having been detailed only a few weeks, was sent in to try and ascertain certain things. The Federals were keeping a sharper lookout than formerly, and the young man was instructed to exercise all possible caution and take no extra risks. He rode boldly into the city on an old horse, claiming to have been commissioned by certain refugees to look after their property. He was, of course, placed under arrest and taken before the officer of the day. He was ready for the ordeal. He had the names of three citizens who had fled the place; he pretended a lameness which incapacitated him for military service; he had the talk and actions of a country lout. He was questioned in the closest manner, and when nothing could be made of him he was allowed to go his way. It is likely he would have secured his information and passed out in safety, but before he had been in the town three hours an unfortunate thing occurred. He was seen and recognized by a deserter from our lines—a man who had formerly messed with him and, of course, knew him well.

The deserter saw Rossmore without being seen himself, and at once went to headquarters and gave him away. When brought to headquarters face to face the scout must have realized that his doom was sealed, but he did not yield his life without an effort. He denied his identity. He offered to send for people to prove he was what he claimed to be, and he challenged the officer (I think it was Rosecrans himself) to send for a surgeon to inspect his lameness and pronounce upon it. While his bold speech staggered the deserter, the man could not doubt his own eyes, and he persisted that Rossmore was a spy from Bragg's headquarters.

"Was Rossmore lame?" asked the officer.

"No, sir."

"But this man is a cripple for life."

"Well, I don't know how that comes. I am certain, however, that he is the man."

"If the surgeon says I have been lame for years, will you admit that you are mistaken?" coolly asked the scout.

"Why, I'll have to. Will Rossmore was as sound as I am."

"Very well, General, send for the surgeon," quietly remarked the scout.

He must have realized that the fraud would be detected, but it seemed to be his only hope of bluffing off the deserter. If he had a thought that the surgeon would not be sent for it was quickly dispelled. The general felt that this was a serious case, and he wanted bottom facts. A surgeon came, Rossmore stripped off, and after a brief examination the medical man announced his opinion that the scout was shamming. The little toe on his right foot had been cut off at the joint in boyhood. The deserter had seen the foot many times, and now remembered the stump.

When Rossmore saw that he was doomed he owned up to his identity, and pointing his finger at the man who had betrayed him, he said:

"Lew Warner, listen to me: Through you I shall hang, but sooner or later my death shall be avenged upon you! General I am ready."

He was led away to be hung at sunrise next morning.

Warner was from Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Knoxville. In August 1865, he returned there to settle down, and one evening, before he had been there two weeks, some one fired a bullet through his heart as he traversed the back streets.

A Natural Condition.

That Wolfe should quarrel with the chairman of his party is just as natural as that water should run down hill. Wolfe always quarrels with the man who does not accept his dictation in everything, and we venture the prediction that before the campaign closes he will have quarreled with every one in his party who pretends to advise or aid him. This is his first campaign as a temperance politician. Heretofore he has not found it necessary to waste many words or much time on the subject. He has not meddled with the party, its leaders, or its ticket, and therefore those who have only known of Wolfe as the man dissatisfied with the republican party have not had an opportunity of testing the beautifully amiable features of his character. They will see the whole picture before they are done with him.

However, the study of a new picture is not all that the temperance people who put him in nomination hoped to secure by that act. They hoped to add to their strength, and take away from both parties the votes of those who regarded the liquor question the most pressing of the hour. They now realize that disappointment came with the nomination of Wolfe, and that voters who might have been attracted to them are repelled by the leader they have chosen.

When the committeemen meet at the Bolton House in this city Wolfe will be there; he will tell them what to do and what not to do; he will have his man for every place, and his lieutenant ready to name him; he will be happy for that day at least, because he will be "boss;" but when the votes are counted in November he will discover that it is possible for a politician to be just too much of a boss.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A SMOOTH complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks. o

CURIOUS to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia; rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desks and in the confined air of offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always at hand for the stomach and brain. o

A Few Facts for Prohibitionists.

The temperance men in the Republican party are closely watching the movements of all persons concerned about the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The present is not by any means the first temperance revival that has passed over the country. Time will show whether it is the best or not. Many good temperance men gravely question the expediency of a third party to carry out the reform. The Republican party has declared in favor of submitting to the people the question of prohibiting the evil; yet the party is being assailed by Mr. Wolfe and his colleagues upon the ground that its professions are not sincere.

A correspondent of the Norristown *Herald* endeavors to show that the vast majority of temperance men do not want a Prohibition party, but an opportunity to cast their votes against this gigantic evil without being compelled to vote upon various other issues, which they must do by supporting a political party. He gives a few figures from various States to prove his assertion, as follows:

In September, 1884, a prohibitory amendment was submitted to the people of Maine and received in round numbers 70,000 votes. At the same election the candidate of the Prohibition party for Governor received 1,190 votes.

The people of Kansas in 1880 cast 92,-302 votes for a similar amendment, yet in 1884 St. John received but 4,495 votes, and that in his own State where he had previously been elected Governor.

The total vote cast for a prohibitory amendment in Iowa in 1883 was over 155,-000. St. John received in 1884 but 1,472 votes.

Ohio in 1883 cast over 320,000 votes for a prohibitory amendment. St. John received 11,069 votes in 1884.

New Hampshire has prohibition. The total vote in 1884 was 84,322, and the St. John vote 1,575.

Vermont has also prohibition, and its St. John vote was 1,752 in a total vote of nearly 60,000.

With regard to the South, Mr. Daniel, the candidate of the Prohibition party for Vice-President, says:

"In Tennessee one-half the State is under prohibition.

"In Maryland ten counties have prohibition laws, or two-thirds of the State.

"In the State of Georgia 98 out of 113 counties are under prohibition.

"In South Carolina, outside of the larger cities, prohibition prevails."

And yet the total vote of Georgia

McKean County Miner

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Advertisements are published at the rate of $1 per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Liberal by the year or for six or three months and to merchants and others who wish to make frequent changes in their business cards. Executors' and Administrators' notices $2.00 each; for six lines or less, Professional cards, not exceeding one inch $5.00 per year.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to

L. EGGERS,
Editor and Proprietor

Smethport Pa., October 1, 1886.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR,
JAMES A BEAVER
Of Centre County

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
WILLIAM T DAVIES,
Of Bradford County

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
A. WILSON NORRIS
Of Philadelphia

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS
THOMAS J STEWART,
Of Montgomery County

FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE
EDWIN S OSBORNE,
Of Luzerne County

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS 24TH DISTRICT
LEWIS EMERY, Jr
Subject to the decision of the District Conference

FOR MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE
P S JOHNSON.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
JOHN E SHOEMAKER

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
WM T McCARTHY

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR
F M COLEGROVE

REPUBLICAN COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Chairman W L Burbank
Secretary W L Clark Smethport, Pa
Executive Committee W S Murdock Smethport
Hamlin twp W Shaw J S Mitchell
Annin "
Bradford city to ward 1st ward W S Watson
" 2d " J W Shaw
" 3d " J W Williams
" 4th " J W Shaw
Bradford twp 1st dist. J C Johnson
" 2d " W H Tracy
Annin twp M J Bradley
Corydon twp J J Roberts
Eldred twp J D Hyde
Bork Centre-1st dist P L Croft
" 2d " "
Keating twp A H Mayo
Kelletville twp W M Bowen
Lafayette " W Bowen
Liberty " J Dunn Palmiter
Keating twp 1st dist J C Wilcox
" 2d " A Smith
Kendall Borough 1st dist. W M Pettibone
" 2d " J K Murdock
Lafayette twp Abram Anderson
Liberty twp W S Murdock
Norwich twp W C Dickerson
Otto twp 1st dist S W Sprague
" 2d " E B Keeler
Portland twp J F Skinner
Sergeant twp Jno of Sanbergh
Smethport Johnson Hopkins
Wetmore twp David Bell

REPUBLICANS YOU MUST PAY ARREARS OF COUNTY TAX ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY OCT 2 OR YOU CANNOT VOTE THIS YEAR

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETINGS

Chairman Burbank of the Republican County Committee informs us that he has arranged with the State committee for the first Smethport meeting in the county, the second at Bradford on October 12, the second at Bradford on October 22d. The Smethport meeting will probably be addressed by Col J A Montooth of Pittsburgh and Maj Geo W Merrick of Wellsboro. The Bradford meeting will be addressed by either Senator Frye Representative Reed or Representative Boutelle of Maine and by ex Attorney General Palmer of this State. Posters giving full share of both meetings will be given in the MINER next week

The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin thinks that Keenan may be induced to be the Democratic victim for Congress in this district Very likely

Charleston S C was visited by another slight shock of earthquake on Monday last but none of Wednesday, as predicted by the Canadian prophet Wiggins. Isn't it about time for this humbug to be exploded?

EX SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN of Chambersburg, has written the chairman of the Republican State Committee that he will speak for Beaver and the Republican ticket It is probable he will make his first speech in Philadelphia when Mr Blaine opens the campaign here

THE New York *Tribune* calls attention to the fact that out of 10,000 voters cast for the prohibition amendment in Maine, September 1884 only 3,000 voted the Prohibition ticket at the late election. The *Tribune* on this makes the point that the Prohibitionists have refused to follow set John and other assistant Democrats into Maine practically in opposition to prohibition

M J RAMSDELL, one of the Washington correspondents of the Philadelphia *Press*, has been sojourning lately among the hills of Tioga county In a letter to that paper of Sept 21st in discussing the probabilities in this congressional district he says The Potter county conferees are understood to be for Wilson and are said to be controlled by D C Lar that so Fisher is a Wilson man

DR THOMAS St Clair, the jumping jack of Indiana, received the Democratic nomination for Congress in the 25th district He is one of those specimens of humanity who have a faculty of making people believe they possess elements of strength which prove to be mythical That fact is frequently discovered after the polls

GEN LOGAN says, that while the war of the rebellion was in progress a large number of the boys who were born in the Northern States during that period were the sons of Copperheads, that class of men who opposed the war and did what they could to embarrass the government in the prosecution of it Those boys were all old enough to vote at the last presidential election The sons of those soldiers who answered the war call while their fathers came home, were not old enough to vote in 1864, but they will be old enough to vote in 1888, and they will vote as their fathers fought Does any one doubt this statement?

GLAMING INCONSISTENCY.

Hon Henry Bruce, who represented Warren county in the last Legislature, and who has been re nominated by the Republicans of that county for the coming term, was an earnest supporter of all practical temperance measures which came before the last House In no single instance was he found deviating from what he believed to be his duty so far as questions of temperance reform were concerned He labored in season and out for the promotion of this reform, in whatever phase it came before the Legislature and was rewarded on all sides as one of the most consistent temperance men of the House His experience as a legislator would render his services of double value at the next Legislature in securing the passage of the next general law for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people

But the Prohibitionists of Warren county prefer to help Wolfe kill the Republican party rather than have that county represented in the Legislature by an active earnest antiand temperance man This leave more material candidate for the Legislature with the expressed purpose of dividing the temperance vote of the county thereby effecting the election of the Democratic candidate The result is a more glaring exhibition of political inconsistency has not come to the surface throughout all Pennsylvania

WHAT HE WAS LOST

It had been generally conceded that President Cleveland would appoint ex Congressman Rogers of Buffalo a personal friend to succeed Mr Rounds as Public Printer and when it was announced that another had been named for that fat office with important appointments at his disposal that could be used for party benefit many were the surprises A gossipy Washington letter however expresses why the President changed his mind and it was to this that we call particular attention especially that of old soldiers and members of the G A R.

Ex Congressman Rogers of Buffalo is another shining illustration of the man who talks too much with his mouth Rogers is an aggreeable old gentleman and has exceedingly recent debating that at the request of Grover Cleveland the man in behalf for President, he with Bryan as a candidate for Congress and I allowed I Dan I could not receive the nomination Now this is Rogers was to receive recognition at the hands of the federal administration in the event of Cleveland's election Where the Democrats are walking down from Salt River in November 1884 Rogers made it known that the position to which he aspired was that of Public Printer He was assured that the prize should be his That mission he became a Grand Army man and always wore the badge pinned to the breast in the exuberance of his patriotism and forgetting that the south had mounted to the saddle he made the sweeping promise that when he took the office he would remove no Grand Army man When he made the promise he was probably not aware of the number of Grand Army men in the business As an early act the department under Republican rule the unskilled employees were ex workmen At the printing office the watchman door keepers and day laborers there is not one of them have nearly all served in the Grand Army Rogers after promising every soldier in the building who previously had not been a member of the Grand Army immediately joined the organization The President was annoyed at the turn affairs had taken He felt that Rogers should have been smart enough to have kept his mouth shut In the Presidents embarrassment of how to keep from appointing Rogers after promising him the place Rounds was allowed to stay months after his term had expired, to the joy of dyspepsia of the Democrats It was when the fall elections were in sight with the Democratic Congressmen in need of federal patronage which the government could bestow that the President took the bull by the horns and appointed Polk editor who is avowedly hostile to the ex soldiers and who has publicly said that he hoped every soldier who went to course the seceding states would leave his bones to bleach upon south ern soil If Rogers has kept his mouth closed on the soldier question he would to day be Public Printer

This shadow portrays at Chas S Wolfe Prohibition candidate for Governor, was fully exposed last week and there seems to be no good reason left why any honest friend of prohibition should support him the purpose being at such variance with those of the party for which he poses as a candidate He was coming west over the P R railroad when he was met by Mr William Foster a gentleman well known in Brookville and a conversation ensuing the latter youth man informed the gentleman from Union that he was going to get a good many votes at Sunbury when it was exactly asked from which party and when informed that they had been Democrats he immediately responded don't let them do it have them vote for Black I am in this campaign to beat General Beaver Mr Foster is a Democrat and no doubt Wolfe felt safe in making this declaration but it so happened that although a Democrat he is a man who knows a fair dealing and takes no stock in demagogues who strive to deceive the people The purposes of the Prohibition candidate were well understood by everyone acquainted with his political record but it was hardly to be expected that he would so completely give himself away as he did in this conversation *Brookville Republican*

As the Democratic candidate for Assembly is perambulating through the county and urging Republicans to vote for him will he not be kind enough to inform them that if elected he will vote for a Democrat United States Senator It might as well be known to let the Republicans know what a team nobody effort is being made by the Democrats through the country to capture three Legislatures which will have the election of Senators to succeed Republicans This is the gerrymander which is being worked up to in the States of New York Pennsylvania and Indiana All that is necessary for the Democratic party to secure complete control of the government, as for Democrats to be elected to succeed Senators Miller of New York, Mitchell of Pennsylvania and Harrison of Indiana. If Mr Wilson can succeed in making the Republicans of the county understand this question in all its bearings, he probably would succeed in inducing many of them to vote for him

There is a terrible row among the Democrats of the Fayette Greene and Westmoreland Congressional district The conferees of that district balloted for weeks for a candidate and finding that they could not agree concluded to nominate a Pittsburgher by the name of Rafferty He has lots of cash and is determined to run, and it is thought he will buy his way into Congress although a great many Democrats are now swearing that they wont vote for him

The Republicans of Cameron county at their recent convention nominated the following excellent ticket Hon George A Bartley for the Legislature, J S Wiley for Associate Judge, B W Green for Treasurer and J P McNarney for District Attorney C B Gould was elected Chairman of the County Committee With brother Gould at the helm there shouldn't be any doubt about the election of this ticket by a decisive majority

A BAPTIST CLERGYMAN ON PROHIBITION.

At a recent meeting of the Baptist Association of Schuylkill county held at Pottsville, this State, an effort was made to have the Association endorse the Prohibition State ticket Rev W O Owen pastor of the Baptist church of St Clair this county in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press* of last Saturday refers to this effort and then discusses the attitude of the Prohibition party in the present campaign in the following vigorous and intelligent style

SIR I am one of the ministers of the Baptist Association recently convened in Pottsville who do not believe in the theory of prohibition as taught by the third party It was not only the design of a few agitators to commit the association to the new party but as the effort took a political turn it was opposed in the final by a few earnest men These speeches however represented but a small portion of the ministers who though Prohibitionists do not believe in the third party movement

The first one feels humiliated in discussing seriously a thing so glaringly illogical as the attitude of the Prohibition party Its advocates dwell on the ravages of intemperance as though this were a discovery recently made by their philosophic orators Everybody knows this The speakers on the above occasion showed the meagerness of their reasons by insisting on this point they showed the perversion of their reasons by insisting on the third party as a remedy That temperance idea theoretically taken is good but when they crystallize this idea into practical effects to cause to power the patron of the liquor traffic their temperance idea becomes bad This is their reason for existence Does the Prohibition party include the whole temperance element of this State or in other words is the temperance reformation must be evolved If it is then there is not so mighty an uprising in our State against the saloons, after all if it is not then a spasmodic rating part of the temperance element is found in the Republican party How does the Prohibition party expect to secure the suppression of the liquor traffic? Must it be through the Legislature or by some direct method Every person knows that it can only be reached through the Legislature submitting to the suffrage of the people an amendment to our State Constitution prohibiting the traffic

What is the intention of the Prohibition party with respect to the Republican party its own orators and papers say the intention is to kill the Republican party You may call them destructionists but not reformers As well might a man call the thunderbolt that shivers the oak from top to bottom a reformer Now look again at these facts A preponderating part of the temperance element is found in the Republican party The only door through which entrance to it can be effected is through which entrance to it can be effected is through which entrance to it can be effected is

The McKean County Miner, October 1, 1886.

Vol. XXIII

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TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every man needs a tonic and nearly every physician prescribes for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Nervousness, Lack of Energy, Want of Appetite, Weakness, Etc.

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A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you right away to more money than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 25y1

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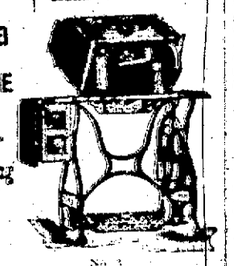

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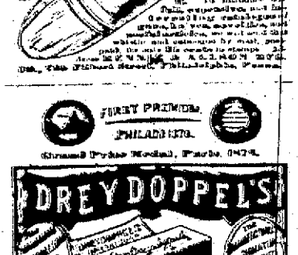

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YOUNG FOLK'S COLUMN.

A BOY 9 YEARS OLD SAVED TWO GIRLS FROM DROWNING.

"Oh, Wind A-Blowing All Day Long." Why He Knew—Concealed Cities—Read of a Boy's Bravery, and Then Go and Learn to Swim.

A story of the remarkable presence of mind of a little 9-years-old boy named Atanson Hewlett will interest you. If you have a spice of the brave, generous soul that is in boys and girls before they get old and cross and stingy, looking out only for number one and those that belong to him, then the little story will thrill your heart through and through. It will make you resolve that you, too, will be brave and good, and keep your eyes about you, just as Atanson Hewlett did. Then, if ever a time of danger comes, you will instantly begin to think what you can do to help.

Four girls lived with their parents on the shore of Long Island, near the town of Far Rockaway. Three of them were sisters—Amanda, Jane and Florence Wagner. Amanda was 15 years old, Jane 13, and Emma 8. The next in order was Hewlett girl, the sister of Atanson, went into the water of the ocean to bathe one afternoon lately.

Bathing in the pure salt water gives life and health, and in the summer many persons along the sea shore go into the surf every day. The four girls were quite accustomed to doing so.

At the point where they went in there is a deep channel, a little way out from the shore. The tide here is very strong. It happened to be running out when the girls entered the ocean.

They were merry enough at first, and laughed, splashed and chased one another. But then a terrible cry went up from the two younger Wagner girls. Even so far out, and the protecting arms of the surf close over the deep channel. They felt that they had lost their footing, and screamed to their big sister for help. She hurried toward them, but the waves took her over their head, and she, too, lost her feet, and was carried out into the channel.

All these sisters were now screaming, and struggling helplessly in the deep water. Only one girl was left on safety—the Hewlett child. She was only 9 years old, but she was good pluck to her last drop of blood.

CARRIED OUT BY THE SIDE

She went to the assistance of her friends. But what could a girl 9 years old do? She was no help—as really would be to keep a railway engine. She, too, got beyond her depth, and like the rest was carried into the terrible channel crying for help and getting her throat and mouth full of water.

Then it was that Atanson did the brave deed which ought to gain him renown the world over. He was an expert swimmer.

He could see four girls 9 years old save four girls from drowning, two of them and b older and bigger than himself!

A little boat was close to at the shore. Atanson did not stop for a second when he saw the danger, but jumped into the boat, seized the oars and rowed out to them. In a moment he was in the midst of the drowning girls. He seized her clothes just before the great undertow had dragged her into the deep.

Jane Wagner was disappearing for the last time, when he stood up in the boat and caught her by the hair. Then he was able to draw her into the boat, too.

AFTER THEM WITH THE BOAT

"I thought I would never get her in, she was so heavy," he said. "But I did. I just could do it, and that was all."

People are lighter and easier to handle in the water than in the air, or he never could have done it.

Next he leaped for the others.

But alas! alas! By that time the tide had carried them far out, and the water had closed over them. The two eldest children washed upon the beach were all the heart-broken parents ever saw of their pretty daughters Amanda and Emma. If these girls or any one of them had known how to swim all might have been saved. Learn to swim and don't put it off.

Yet was all four of the poor girls would have been drowned only for the courage of one little boy, 9 years old!

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a sound heard in the air?
O wind, a blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Concealed Cities.

(Two in each group.)

1 "You look pale, mother." This mad rideing is dangerous. 2 "Did you throw a bomb?" No, sir, but we have it nowhere." 3. This may keep it here, and the ice saw for sale many others." 4 High art for dollar! Well, mount on if you like.

Why He Knew So Much.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered "By not being ashamed to ask questions from asking questions when I was ignorant."

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The persons named below had spent three-quarters of a million dollars in the aggregate to get relief from their painful, deforming and disgusting diseases, but $2.50 worth of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, which cures Blood Diseases of every name and nature, did the work, and they have since had no return of Rheumatic trouble.

We publish a little pamphlet every few months of such cures as the following. If you have any doubts about the matter, write some of these gentlemen for information, and see an expression from them.

J. D. Weaver, Rheumatism, Phœnixville, Pa.
Samuel Hoover, of Stauffer & Brother, Lancaster, Pa., Rheumatism, Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Robert Mattson, Lumbago, Pittsburgh, Pa.
William Newton, Allegheny, Pa.
J. D. Middleton, Bedford, Pa.
Joseph Cheney, Cheney Block, Akron, Ohio.
H. M. Knowlton, Newton Hamilton, Pa.
Mrs. Dr. Greenlee, Bucyrus, Ohio.
Geo. D. Tredennick, Bridgeport, Ohio.

These Swedish Rheumatism Cures are sold every where at moderate prices. Remember the name,

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Special Trade-Mark. Registered.

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H. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

March 12, 1886.-1y.

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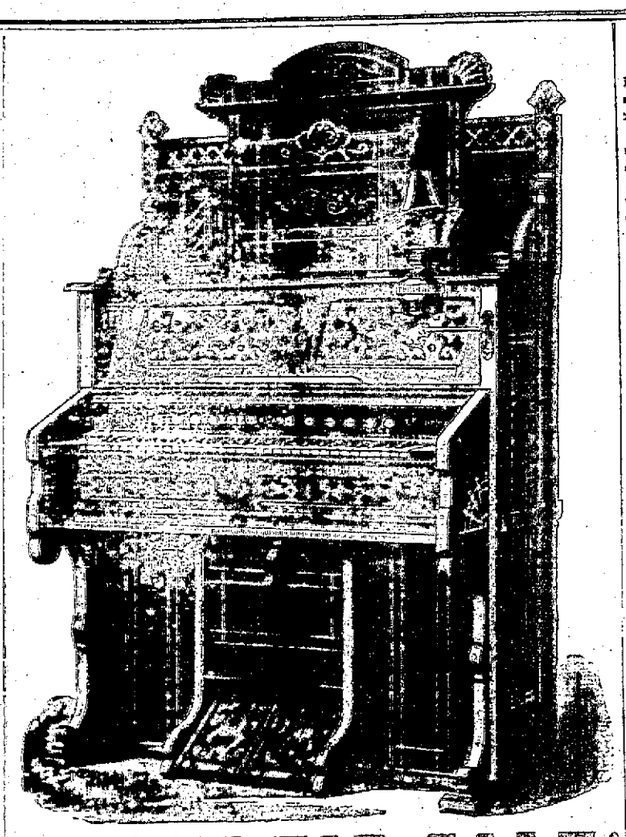

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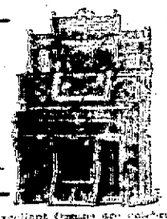

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They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at $1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

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Farmers' Valley, Nov. 20, 1885. 6-17

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THE JERSEY COW.

Extracts from an essay read by S. H. Evans, of Tidioute, Pa., before the Farmer's club of Warren county, Pa., Aug. 28, 1886:

The origin of the Jersey race of cattle now is, always has been, and doubtless always will be involved in mystery. Able writers have advanced various theories, some basing their opinions on conformation, color, etc., and thus connecting them with Brittanny, Swiss, Norman and other old world breeds; thus reaching back into the misty prehistoric times when a small race of cattle, fine boned, clean limbed, fine haired, yellow skinned, with mellow hides and grand resemblance, were known and venerated as sacred. It is, therefore, extremely difficult to locate the remote ancestors of this valuable breed, and there is but little profit in following honorable Cassius M. Clay and others in their speculations concerning the likeness of this breed to the cattle found among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland and Northern Italy.

The probabilities are that the Romans, as they pushed their conquests toward Northern Gaul, carried with them a better class of cattle than they found in the conquered country, and as the inhabitants improved their condition these cattle spread into Normandy, and thus became by their proximity to the Channel Islands the immediate ancestors to the Jersey. The principal Channel islands are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. The Jersey is the largest and most important of the Channel Islands belonging to Great Britain. It lies about fifteen miles off the northeast coast of France and the Province of Normandy, and is about twelve miles long and seven miles wide. It would have been no difficult task in fair weather to have carried calves in small boats from the main land to these islands. As dead meat is carried in that manner even to this day, the presumption is that the islands were originally stocked in this manner from the Province of Normandy, as there is but little distinction drawn between the cattle of Normandy and Jersey.

If the Jersey cow as we now find her originated on the island of Jersey, we must then look closely to her home surroundings for the source of her present characteristics. First, the soil and climate of the island. Second, her habits and finally her real merits and value. The proximity of the Gulf stream renders the the climate mild and temperate. The heat never excessive, nor the cold intense. Some Winters have the appearance of perpetual spring, as neither ice form or snow falls. The low grounds on the island are a rich loam, while the high lands are light and sandy. The farms on the island are quite small, ranging from two to twenty acres. A farm of twenty acres would be distributed about as follows: Hay and pasture ten acres, turnips two acres, mangolds one acre, parsnips one acre, carrots one-half acre, potatoes two acres, wheat three and one-half. Stock usually kept would be two horses, six cows, one bull, six heifers and eight pigs. The main source of income from a Jersey farm is the cows. The butter and calves must bring in enough money to pay a high rent.

The population is very dense, averaging about two to the acre, forming one of the most complete colonies you could conceive of, and who have, it is said, preserved to this day their ancient forms and customs throughout all the political disturbances of eight centuries. This indicates a settled habit that must be highly conducive to the formation of special breeds of animals.

As long ago as 1789 very stringent penal laws were passed to prevent the importation of calves to the Jersey island. From the surroundings that had a bearing upon the formation of this breed, it must have reached a definite type over one hundred and fifty years ago. From that time we are pretty safe in calling Jersey thoroughbreds, with full powers of prepotency to reproduce their characteristics in their own offspring.

The system of dairying on the Jersey island is what we would call old fashioned, the milk being set in shallow crocks in the spring house. The method of milking is somewhat unique; instead of the ordinary tin pail, a large-mouthed can is used, with a piece of strainer cloth tied over it, and allowed to sag until it will hold a sea shell, into which the stream of milk is directed in order to save wearing holes into the cloth. If many of our milk furnishers would adopt this method, the milk they sell would not be so highly flavored.

There being a small demand for milk on the island every farmer is of necessity a butter dairyman, the city of London readily consuming all the surplus product. Herein we find the peculiar circumstances which created this breed, viz: A small, fertile island with a particularly salubrious climate, densely populated with "small gentility" possessed with more than ordinary intelligence, with no market for milk and a great demand for the finest flavored butter. Is there any wonder that this breed should adapt themselves to the wants of their owners? The extremely domestic manner in handling their cows must have had a strong tendency to reduce their size and sweeten their temper.

I will now pass from the first part of my subject and for a brief space consider the

HABITS OF THE JERSEY.

As the Jersey cow earns her living and the profits of the owner with her digestive apparatus, it is of the first importance that her health should be kept in the best possible condition. In order that she can possess a first-class ability for assimilating food. So far as practical tests have gone it has been proven beyond question that the Jersey cow gives more in return for the food consumed than any other breed of milch cows. Although the Jersey is a native of a temperate climate, yet she is equally and admirably adapted to the extreme heat of our Southern States or the rigors of a Canadian winter.

At the same time this is not claiming that she can "rustle" with the native cow. Profitable dairying does not mean a test of endurance. The man who intends keeping only those cows that can endure the most neglect had better turn his attention to some other occupation. Dairying is not a test of which cow can do the most with the least food and attention. But the question is, with the best appliances and the most intelligent handling, which breed will return the greatest profit for the outlay. With reasonable care and feed the Jersey asks no favors, and I do believe she will give a better return for extra care than any other breed.

Just what it is that makes the good milk and butter cow it is very difficult to tell, but certain it is that after breed and feed, there is nothing so conducive to large yields as a good disposition in the cow. An excited cow will greatly reduce her yield, Distress from the loss of her calf will have the same effect. A new and noisy, rough milker will not get all the milk from the cows. While the Jersey is light, active and intelligent, she is always good natured, and her close intimacy with man for the past 150 years has taught her to rely implicitly upon him for protection, and to that extent that she very seldom misses her young calf when taken from her.

It was the fine flavor, rich color, and abundant butter yield of Jersey milk that first brought this breed into notice. The butter yield from Jersey milk when properly handled is one of the finest flavor, and can always be relied upon as "gilt edge." It is a marvel how so small a cow can give such quantities of milk and such enormous yields of butter. Like "Mary Ann," of St. Lambert farm near Montreal, who produced 36 lbs. 12½ oz. in seven days, and 106 lbs. and 12½ oz. in one month and 867 lbs. and 14¾ oz. in eleven months and five days between calvings.

The milk from the Jersey cow, from the greater size of its globules and the character of its covering is said to churn more readily than from any other known breed. The cream also rises more completely than from any other cow.

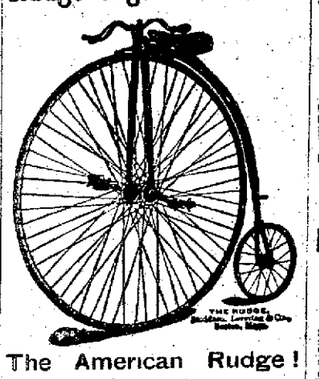
For years the Jersey as a lawn pet has been extolled, and her beautiful deer-like form, with her large, lustrous, liquid eyes and mild, gentle disposition and the many other attributes and points which a young lover sees in the object of his adoration, have been bestowed upon her. All these commendations she justly merits, yet they are nothing in comparison to her real worth and value.

It is admitted by all that the cow is the most useful animal bestowed upon man by a merciful Creator. All cows, however, are included in this admission, but we must acknowledge that the Jersey is above most all other breeds, in the beauty of its conformation, richness of milk and its persistency in holding to its yield. The splendid records she has made shows clearly that she is daily advancing in the line of excellence as a butter cow. The prices she has been held at, and which have been ruling for some years, has to a certain extent prevented many from establishing dairies composed entirely of thoroughbred Jerseys.

I will acknowledge, however, that the average farmer is (by nature, I think) somewhat prejudiced against the Jersey cow, for the simple reason that she will not make as large a carcass, and fill his meat barrel as full, after she has survived her usefulness as a yielder of butter and milk. The interim from her first calf until she is slaughtered appears to him a small account, compared to her last end. Consequently many cows lacking both in milk and butter qualities, are kept year in and year out, and the cost of keeping her, and the loss of income are seldom taken into account, but her latter end (the beef barrel) is never lost sight of or forgotten.

If this "beef barrel" barrier of prejudice could be broken down, and the average farmer would carefully calculate the difference in keeping and feeding a large size common and an average size Jersey cow, and then calculate again the difference in value of the amount of milk and butter obtained from each for a space of say eight years, I think by that time his prejudices would be entirely obliterated, and he would readily introduce into his dairies a grade that would bring him larger returns each year. By so doing it would not be long until the price of the Jersey would be within the reach of the poor as well as the rich.

Rudge Light Roadster.



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